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Washington Irving, to answer for their adoption of it.

We have but to refer to the portraits of Washington executed by the now venerable Rembrandt Peale,—a sketch of whose life and labors we gave in our last Journal. Rembrandt had the honor of three sittings of Washington. This was in September 1795, when the artist was but seventeen years of age. The sketch then made was afterwards wrought up, and served the artist in good stead, in his after labors on the Washington portraits. Gathering copies of the most eminent paintings made of the Patriot, he set himself to work to produce a face worthy of the man and of himself. He succeeded in an eminent degree, as is proven by the testimonials which the picture called out from members of Washington's family, and from many of his intimate friends. This portrait was exhibited in Europe, and attracted much attention. It was finally purchased by the Government, and now hangs over the chair of the President of the U. S. Senate, in the Senate Chamber. Having made the face of his subject a study, both from life and from the best portraits, Mr. Peale's copies became highly valued and sought for. He has made them at long intervals and with the greatest care, and they will possess, in the future, no little interest. The "COSMOPOLITAN ASSOCIATION" has been fortunate in securing one of these copies; and it takes pride in adding this noble work of the venerable artist, to its premiums for the present year's subscribers. Mr. Peale, though nearly eighty years of age, preserves his vigor and enthusiasm for art. He contributed his portrait to the collection with a great deal of pleasure: may it fall into the hands of some worthy son or daughter of America, who will know how to prize the treasure!

The "authorities" at Washington send to Europe for material for the new Government Buildings. A late Baltimore Patriot, says: The bark Emily, Captain Taylor, which arrived here a few days since from Genoa, is now discharging her cargo at Gibson's wharf, consisting of fine marble for the Government at Washington, amongst which are twenty columns, each twenty-five feet long and two and a half feet in diameter, weighing fifteen tons, designed for the Post Office Department. The rest of the cargo consists of blocks of from three to ten tons each."

PRIZE ODE.



THE first year of the operation of the COSMOPOLITAN ASSOCIATION the "Greek Slave," of Hiram Powers constituted one of the premiums to be awarded to subscribers. In view of the renown of the statue, and in deference to the wishes of many eminent literary men, it was resolved to offer a prize of one hundred dollars for the best Ode, written on the marble beauty. The result was about *two hundred* offerings, from the pens of the best talent in this country—so eager were all, not for the prize merely, but for the privilege of paying tribute to the genius of the artist and the matchless excellence of his work. A committee, consisting of Bayard Taylor, Richard Storrs Willis and Hiram Fuller, assembled at the "St. Nicholas Hotel," in New-York, on the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 3d., 1854, to decide upon the poems submitted. Each contribution was accompanied by the author's card sealed in an envelope, so that it was not known to the committee who wrote any of the odes, except the one decided upon as the best and therefore entitled to the prize. The poems were all carefully read, assorted into good, bad, and indifferent; then the good were gone over again and sifted down to six. Here came "the tug of war." All were equally excellent, though differing materially in their treatment of the theme. Finally one was chosen, written out in a beautiful feminine hand. Expectation was *qui vive*, of course; and all present crowded around the table to see the envelope opened which was to confess the name of the fortunate lady. The seal was broken, and, lo! the name was AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE, one of our young poets of already won fame. The ladies were fairly vanquished, and the committee were forced to confess themselves "sold" in huzzaing for the "beautiful unknown" in advance. To Mr. Duganne the one hundred dollars were passed, as well as the thanks of the Association.

The "Greek" is again among the jewels of the gallery of the Association—again will she go forth to gladden some home,

and consummate her mission to advance and elevate Art-taste in America. It is due to our readers that we reproduce the fine poem, above alluded to, since it tells the whole story of the statue in a rhythm and expression of real classic elegance and strength:—

ODE TO THE GREEK SLAVE.

DEDICATED TO THE COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.

By Augustine Duganne.

O GREEK! by more than Moslem fetters thrall'd!
O marble prison of a radiant thought,
Where life is half recall'd,
And beauty dwells, created, not enwrought—
Why hauntest thou my dreams, enrobed in light,
And atmospher'd with purity, wherein
Mine own soul is transfigured, and grows bright,
As though an angel smiled away its sin?

O chastity of Art!
Behold! this maiden shape makes solitude
Of all the busy mart.
Beneath her soul's immeasurable woe,
All sensuous vision lies subdued,
And from her veiled eyes the flow
Of tears, is inward turned upon her heart;
While on the prisoning lips
Her eloquent spirit swoons,
And from the lustrous brow's eclipse
Falls patient glory, as from clouded moons!
Severe in vestal grace, yet warm
And flexile with the delicate glow of youth,
She stands, the sweet embodiment of Truth;
Her pure thoughts clustering around her form,
Like seraph garments, whiter than the snows
Which the wild sea upthrows.

O Genius! thou canst chain
Not marble only, but the human soul,
And melt the heart with soft control,
And wake such reverence in the brain,
That man may be forgiven
If in the ancient days he dwelt
Idolatrous with sculptured life, and knelt
To beauty more than Heaven!

Genius is worship! for its works adore
The Infinite Source of all their glorious thought.
So blessed Art, like Nature, is o'erfraught
With such a wondrous store
Of hallowed influence, that we who gaze
Aright on her creations, haply pray and praise!

Go, then, fair slave! and in thy fetters teach
What Heaven inspired and genius hath designed—
Be thou Evangel of true Art, and preach
The freedom of the mind!